The Old Granite Stati - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE OLD GRANITE STATE
Copyright, 1843, by John Hutchinson.

We have come from the mountains,
We have come from the mountains,
We have come from the mountains
Of the "Old Granite State."
We're a band of brothers,
We're a band of brothers,
We're a band of brothers,
And we live among the hills.

With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music
We are passing round the world.
We have left our aged parents,
We have left our aged parents,
We have left our aged parents
In the "Old Granite State."

We obtained their blessing,
We obtained their blessing,
We obtained their blessing.
And we bless them in return.
Good old-fashioned singers,
Good old-fashioned singers,
Good old-fashioned singers
They can make the air re-sound.

We have eight other brothers,
And of sisters, just another,
Besides our father and our mother,
In the "Old Granite State."
With our present number.
There are fifteen in the tribe;
Thirteen sons and daughters,
And their history we bring.

Yes while the air is ringing,
With their wild mountain singing,
We the news to you are bringing
From the "Old Granite State!"
Tis the tribe of Jesse,
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
'Tis the tribe of Jesse,
And their several names we sing.

David, Noah, Andrew, Zephy (aniah).
Caleb, Joshua, Jesse and Beny (jamin),
Judson, Rhoda, John and Asa,
And Abbe are our names.
We're the sons of Mary,
Of the tribe of Jesse,
And we now address ye
With our mountain song.

We are all real Yankees,
We are all real Yankees,
We are all real Yankees
From the "Old Granite State."
And by prudent guessing,
And by prudent guessing,
And by prudent guessing
We shall whittle through the world.

Liberty is our motto.

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Liberty is our motto,
Equal liberty is our motto
In the "Old Granite State."
We despise oppression,
We despise oppression,
We despise oppression,
And we cannot be enslaved.

Yes, we're friends of emancipation,
And we'll sing the proclamation.
Till it echoes through our nation.
From the "Old Granite State."
That the tribe of Jesse,
That the tribe of Jesse,
That the tribe of Jesse
Are the friends of equal rights.

We are all Washingtonians,
Yes, we're all Washingtonians,
Heaven bless the Washingtonians
Of the "Old Granite State."
We are all teetoatlers,
We are all teetoatlers,
We are all teetoatlers,
And have signed the temperance pledge.

Now three cheers altogether,
Shout Columbia's people ever,
Yankee hearts none can sever,
In the "Old Sister States."
Like our sires before us,
We will swell the chorus.
Till the heavens o'er us
Shall rebound the loud huzza.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Like our sires before us,
We will swell the chorus,
Till the heavens o'er us
Shall rebound the loud huzza.

From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk